

PARNADEL • WATERS • HOLDER • LESKO

# ASSASSIN'S CREED UPRISING



# FINALE





## < WRITERS >

## < ARTIST >

< COLORIST >

< LETTERER >

< COLLECTION COVER >



# Resurrection Day

You don't know this, but I write you one of these before every mission - just in case.

MAGNIFICENT...

I always burn these things, so if you're reading this one then that means the mission went bad and I won't be coming home.

Fuck, I'm crying just thinking about it. Isn't that pathetic?

I CAN SMELL CONSUS ON YOU, MEAT. WHAT ARE YOU HIDING THERE?

But look, I know you feel the same way I do about the creed. It obliges us to fight battles we know we can't win sometimes. This could be one of those times.

AH... THE MILES BOY. SUCH POTENTIAL.

YOU STAY AWAY FROM HIM, YOU FREAK!

Us and the Templars, we're locked into this grisly waltz. I've never truly believed they'd wipe us out - nor us them. We're yin and yang; we define each other.

I'LL GET TO HIM IN GOOD TIME.

BUT FIRST, I THINK I'LL TAKE THIS OFF YOUR HANDS. YOU'LL ONLY HURT YOURSELF WITH IT.

NNFF! NO!

But these new players? They're something else.





HMMM... FEELS DIFFERENT.

IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE I HAD A BODY.

*I never told you this, but back in Osdorp my trainer Ali used to say, "A fighter settles a thousand scores in a night".*

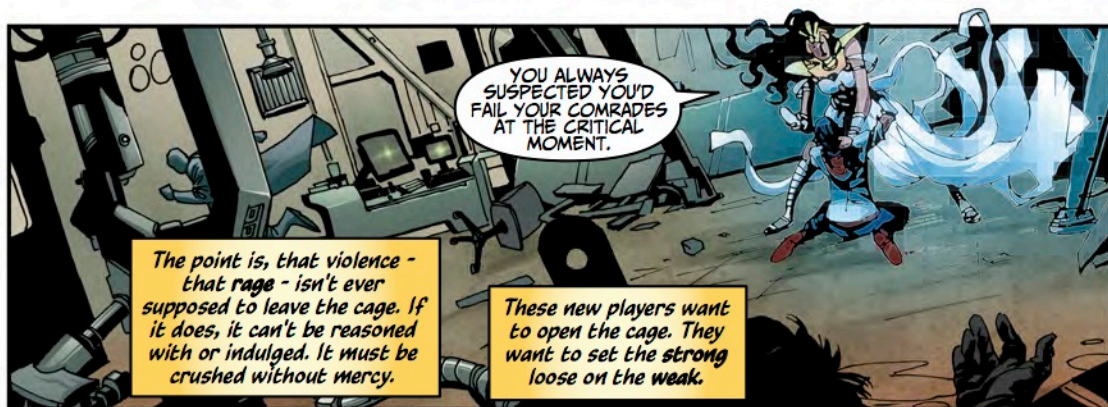


*He meant that the fans saw their own battles played out in the cage, larger than life. When I dismantled an opponent, I was also dismantling their boss; or the asshole at the bank who wouldn't give them a loan. I was their proxy.*

DID YOU REALLY THINK YOURSELF WORTHY OF THE KOH-I-NOOR?

YOU... A CUR WITH A DASH OF GODS' BLOOD COURSE THROUGH YOUR VEINS?

YOU FORGET... I'VE BEEN IN YOUR HEAD, GIRL. I KNOW WHERE YOU'RE WEAK.



YOU ALWAYS SUSPECTED YOU'D FAIL YOUR COMRADES AT THE CRITICAL MOMENT.

*The point is, that violence - that rage - isn't ever supposed to leave the cage. If it does, it can't be reasoned with or indulged. It must be crushed without mercy.*

*These new players want to open the cage. They want to set the strong loose on the weak.*



"YOU WERE RIGHT".

*I'll die before I let that happen, Harlan. I need you to understand that.*

*But if you really can't then I know you'll understand this:*





*I love you.*

21:45pm. 1-3 days until Resurrection Day.  
Spain.  
South of Barcelona.

THERE  
YOU ARE.

CHARLOTTE  
AND BERG HAVEN'T  
RECOGNIZED ANY  
TERRAIN YET. NO  
SIGN OF JUNO'S  
DEPLORABLES  
EITHER.



THEY'LL BE HERE.  
THEY'LL HAVE HAD A  
HEAD-START IF JUNO  
PULLED THIS LOCATION  
FROM CHARLOTTE'S  
MEMORIES.

TAKE A  
LOAD OFF AND LET  
THE OTHERS CATCH  
UP. THERE'LL BE  
ENOUGH FIGHTING  
TO GO AROUND,  
I'M SURE.



SPOKEN WITH  
LESS ENTHUSIASM  
THAN USUAL, I  
NOTE.

A CHANCE TO  
GET TO GRIPS  
WITH THIS NEW TOY  
OSOROSHII BABA  
SENT ME, AT  
LEAST.

I'M TIRED,  
KIYOSHI. MY  
SHOULDER'S STILL  
CLICKING WHERE  
THAT BASTARD  
GOT ME WITH A  
SHURIKEN.

ON THE PLUS  
SIDE, GETTING GOT  
WITH A SHURIKEN  
IS KIND OF  
COOL.



I'VE BEEN  
WATCHING THAT  
OLD COUPLE, DOWN  
THERE. THAT'LL  
NEVER BE ANY OF  
US, WILL IT?

EVEN IF WE  
PUT DOWN JUNO  
AND HER DOGS,  
THERE'LL BE  
SOMETHING ELSE,  
AND SOMETHING  
ELSE, AND...

HOW  
DID WE GET  
HERE?





JUST GREAT.

WHY DO I GET THE FEELING WE'RE NOT COMING BACK FROM THIS ONE?







00:00am. 1-2 days until Resurrection Day..

Spain.  
South of Barcelona.



CHARLOTTE!

LIGHT.  
THE GODS'  
LIGHT...



BUT  
IT'S JUST  
LIGHT.



AND I  
CAN SEE  
YOU.







GRAB THE  
KOH-I-NOOR.

I USED TO  
THINK NOTHING  
WAS TRUE, BUT I  
WAS WRONG...





"THERE IS BUT ONE  
RADIANT AND SOON  
TO BE SELF-EVIDENT  
TRUTH IN THIS WORLD..."



"JUNO 15."

00:00am.



1.2 days until Resurrection Day.

